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it is no uncommon thing to see the singers dispersing for their night's rest at break of day. But happily, when a European is in their village they have the politeness and the deference to the common European habit of sleeping by night, to discontinue their concert when he extinguishes his lamp. Then the older folk and the mere boys will retire to rest and the young men will follow their own devices, either turning in or going a courting. No one will see them creep into the houses of their sweethearts where by prearrangement they are assured of a welcome.

The village is now in complete silence. It may be warm and drizzling rain, or it may be clear and cold. In the latter case the fires will be burning underneath the pile-houses, and now and again one will hear the voice of the father gruffly rousing one of his children to go down and stir the embers or add fuel. Then follow the sounds of sleepy and complaining acquiescence, the fire flares and crackles, the youngster creeps back to his sleeping mat, and all is silence once more.

At times in the dead of night one may waken to hear a woman's voice raised in a solitary dirge for dead husband or child—long-sustained, clear notes whose effect is singularly sad. From the standpoint of music it must be confessed that such performances are variable, yet sometimes they are of the purest tone and uttered with an admirable restraint. Long-drawn, and with a suspicion of *tremolo*, the dirge ends characteristically with two or three high-pitched sobs or whimpers. There are now no sounds other than the tireless croaking of the frogs in the swamp, the hooting of owls, or the occasional flapping of a fruit-bat among the bananas, until the tailless rooster on the house-top thinks fit to salute the coming dawn.

Occasional Activities

Such is the uneventful routine of the Orokaiva day. Yet although there is undoubtedly a general absence of varied interest and incident in native life compared with our own, it must not be supposed that the typical day which I have endeavoured to describe is by any means invariable. There are

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512 in the first place the exigencies of nature: the flood with its opportunities for fishing and the pursuit of small game; the heat of the early North-West season when the grass-burning will go forward and great hunting parties assemble; the long dry spell when the villagers must turn to making sago, or go down to a fishing camp, the streams being then at their shallowest.

512 177 653 482 There are also the many new activities, not always welcome, which Government control has occasioned. The village must clear its allotted span of track with every moon; the passing of an officer means a turn out of carriers (and the Orokaiva are reputed to be as sturdy and cheerful as any in the Territory); and the approach of a patrol means a mild bustle of diligence in which the village must be made to look its best for fear of magisterial wrath. Again the Plantations scheme and the presence of a supervising officer mean labour of a somewhat new kind, which for those who live from hand to mouth seems irksome because unrepaid by immediate returns.

464 152 Now and again the recruiter of native labour passes, lays out his trade for those who will bargain to go with him, and leaves perhaps with a batch of young men to 'sign-on' for European employment. But the sadness of parting, however real, is not more moving than the demonstrative welcome at the labourer's home-coming, when his women folk, who threw themselves down and beat their foreheads on the ground for sorrow at his going, do the same again with equal violence for joy at his return.

000 Apart from these sources of interest, and from events of birth, marriage, and death, and again from the more startling incidents of thefts, quarrels, and occasional murders which are all but necessary to any human society, native life is varied by a number of festive and ceremonial occasions which constitute a very important part of it.

765 Not a few of these are associated with the rites of mourning and with the placation of the beings who survive death. When a death occurs mourners, summoned by long blasts of the trumpet, gather from far and wide to the scene and give themselves with what one suspects to be almost joyful abandon to the indulgence of grief. The house of the dead

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where females are served by wild boars. It is fed every evening, and probably sleeps under the house.

Always a restless and obtrusive creature, the village pig is sometimes aggressive towards strangers, so that more than one visitor, even of magisterial importance, has been compelled to seek safety in the altitude of a house verandah. But, however unattractive, the pig is treated with consideration and even fondness by the villagers. Its owners, man and wife, are referred to as its father and mother. While young it may be washed with a magical infusion to promote its growth. It is given a personal name, and as it grows becomes an identity of importance in the village. As the inevitable hour of parting draws near, its 'mother' will be genuinely grief-stricken; and when at last her pig is bound for the sacrifice and lies groaning and struggling under the house, she will sit beside it, stroking it and shedding copious tears.

The pig is carried in the usual manner, with its feet bound to a pole. For a long journey a pig-litter (*kakate*) may be used. It is a cage-like structure of cane which, as it were, is made to measure and fits closely about the animal's body (see p. 79). The conventional method of slaughtering is with the spear, and at a feast of importance this is done ceremonially, a number of pigs being set in a row and stuck simultaneously. On such an occasion I have seen one of the butchers, more elderly than the rest, fail to impart sufficient force to his thrust, and try again, amid a good deal of laughter, until he drove the point home. Then he levered the shaft of his weapon back and forth like a crow-bar to make his work the surer. On the whole, however, there is no special inhumanity in the treatment of pigs.

The actual butchering is performed on a platform. Two long incisions are made from shoulder to tail, and the skin cut off together with a thick coating of fat. Then the body is dismembered with axe, trade knife, and bamboo knife (the last-named, *ivi*, is still used because of its extraordinary sharpness). The carving is not a pleasing spectacle. The blood drips through between the rails of the platform and is eagerly lapped up by quarrelling dogs below. There may

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grief, and its last moments were no doubt rendered fewer and more uncomfortable by the attentions of its relatives.

When the victim of this solicitude is finally dead, he is stretched out on his back. His face is painted and his head decorated with ornaments and a feather head-dress. Some of these will be buried with him; but his children will remove and keep the more valuable. The corpse of a man is entirely naked; that of a woman wears a *bo*.

If the deceased be a man of any importance, his body is laid out on a sloping platform (*bahari*) in the village. It is made of logs set at an angle of about 20 degrees, and the corpse is laid upon it feet downwards and with arms outstretched. This *bahari* is said to be meant for the convenience of the mourners who wish to embrace the corpse.

The posthumous honour of a *bahari* is denied to a woman for a curious reason which I have heard several times repeated. Women are too fond of *bivije* or adulterous intercourse, and are therefore undeserving of the dignity of an elevated position. They are laid on a mat on the ground, and the only real regret for them is said to be on the part of those who have enjoyed their favours. And since these latter are ashamed to weep for fear of betraying themselves, the woman goes unwept and unhonoured to her grave. This explanation, needless to say, was derived from male informants, and, in point of fact, the demonstrations of grief at a woman's death are hardly less extravagant than at a man's.

The mourners flock in from all villages in the neighbourhood, pausing on the way to smear themselves with mud, *pusu* (from which they get the name of *pusu-embo* or 'muddy men'). They desert their gardens or whatever work they have in hand at the sound of the *bui*, which repeatedly gives a very long-drawn note as a signal of death. Their attendance is not entirely obligatory, but it is regarded as a matter of decency to attend the funeral of a neighbour: and the relatives of the deceased will be offended if there is not a large muster. It is to be suspected, moreover, that the mourners derive some satisfaction from the very exuberant way they have of showing their grief, and, in the case of the

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764 152 many who are but remotely connected with the deceased, it is possible that they find some actual pleasure in surrendering themselves to a violent emotion. Nevertheless, one may definitely discount the belief of some Europeans that the grief of natives in bereavement is not genuine. My own observations have led me to form the contrary opinion, viz. that their grief is distressingly real. The fallacy may have its origin in the fact that a great number of the mourners do wilfully abandon themselves to the excitement of an emotion which is conjured up for the occasion. But one need only look at a bereaved parent or a widow to see that her sorrow, at any rate, is no counterfeit.

At the death of an old man, Handau of Korisata, when his body had been removed from the *bahari* because of rain and laid under his house, there was a continual striving among the mourners to get near him. Squatting or kneeling around they would hold him by the hands, the feet, or the neck, or fling themselves down and embrace him. One man, standing with legs astride the corpse, would jog continually up and down and howl in a manner which gave one an actual sensation of hoarseness by listening to him. Another was shaking, apparently uncontrollably, in every limb, while a friend tried to quieten him. A woman was dancing outside, or perhaps rather flinging herself about, while a second woman held her from behind with arms under her arms and around her breasts in the endeavour to restrain her.

It is, in fact, customary at such times for those who are less deeply affected to restrain or protect those who are really besides themselves with grief, or who, in other cases, are shamming too realistically; and sometimes these guardians may even tie ropes about the waists of their charges and thus follow them in order to keep them the better out of mischief. Women make a practice of cutting their foreheads, cheeks, and shoulders with quartz, glass, or knives. They beat themselves on the back with heavy stones. They will lick 'sand-paper' leaves till their tongues bleed, saying, 'He used to give me pig and taro to eat in my mouth: now I will make my mouth bleed'. It would seem that men are somewhat less severe on themselves, though they may cut

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764 152 their shoulders or beat themselves on the forehead with their clubs. Mourners will chew a poisonous root until their mouths and throats are severely corroded; and I know one man whose scarred buttocks afford irremovable evidence of the fact that he deliberately sat down in the fire at a 764 funeral. Even cases of suicide are not altogether uncom- 152 mon. A village constable not long ago poisoned himself with 'New Guinea Dynamite' after his wife's death; a 762 woman who saw both her brother and her son die within a short space of time went and hanged herself with a strip of bark-cloth; and a distracted widower of Wasida took a flying leap (though strangely not a fatal one) over a cliff of some thirty feet into a rocky river-bed. I dislike capping my own story with another man's, but cannot forbear to quote one of Mr. Flint's:

> 'An old man informs me that some time ago a woman held a tomahawk above her head and brought it down with such force that her skull was fractured. She died three days later from the effects of the injury. This woman had evidently been in the habit of hitting herself with a stone club and, to use my informant's words, "Did not savvy the white man's axe".'[1]

764 152 A woman once gave me an odd reason, but perhaps an understanding one, for these violent manifestations of grief. Grief itself is called *jo*, and this woman said that drastic measures such as the hacking of cheeks were meant to put a speedy end to the *jo*. Otherwise it would remain with the mourners for a long time.

764 After lying in state, so to speak, for perhaps a day and night, the body is wrapped in pandanus-leaf mats and bark-cloth for burial. The grave (*use*) is 3 or 4 feet deep. It contains an oblong 'coffin' (*detemba*), the floor of which is made of palm-wood strips like that of a house. The *detemba* is really no more than a strong framework of size sufficient to accommodate the body in a supine position. It is eventually covered with a roofing of poles and a large sheet of bark (*gapa*) to protect the corpse from the earth when it is thrown in.[2]

[1] *Annual Report*, 1924–5, p. 47.

[2] In the Sangara tribe (and possibly in others as well) the grave is undercut on one side at the bottom, the reason being once more to protect the body in its *detemba*

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764 The grave is dug with knives, sticks, and finger-nails, and the earth scooped out with a wooden dish (*tewa*). In one instance a number of young men acted as grave-diggers; the deceased (a woman) stood in the various relationships of *aja*, *tata*, *imboti*, *du*, and *bovatu* to them, and they came from six different villages. It seems clear, therefore, that the function of grave-digger does not belong to any particular relatives.

764 152 The body, whether of man or woman, is usually carried from the house to the grave by women. Many crowd around, and when the body is laid down in line with the grave there is a veritable scrum of mourners about it. Each is wailing or dirging independently, and to a listener at close quarters the atmosphere seems to be fairly dancing with the discord, though at a distance their combined voices resolve themselves into a rich monotone. The lamentation of the adult takes a lyrical turn in which extempore words are chanted loudly and with some semblance of rhythm, but I do not forget hearing the young son of a dead woman repeatedly scream, '*Aja, aja!*' as if perhaps his grief were too great even for the restraint of a dirge.

764 537 775 When for a few moments comparative quietness has been secured, an elderly man, holding in one hand a spear and in the other a bunch or ornaments, stands by the corpse and, pressing upon its feet with one of his own, as if to rouse (*ajari*) or attract its attention, he declaims what we might call a valediction. Of this I have several renderings which agree in essence but differ sufficiently to show that this farewell address is not a set form. The gist of it is as follows: 'Go now to a good place, not an evil one; go to the road of the sunshine, not to the road of the rains; go where there are neither mosquitoes nor march-flies, but where there are pigs in plenty and taro in plenty. Send us pigs and send us taro, and we shall make a feast in your honour, and pay-

from the superincumbent earth. In the hilly country of the Dirou tribe there is a system of cave burial which is foreign to the Orokaiva at large. The body is here wrapped in bark cloth and encased in a roughly meshed structure of cane. This, supported on a pole between two trestles or props, is set up in some inaccessible cave or fissure in the rocks, and allowed to decompose and fall. I am told that when the package has fallen to pieces and only the skeleton is left, the valuable *kundo* or ornaments which were attached to the body are retrieved.

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ment to those who have mourned for you.' The 'road of the sunshine' (*iji-deita*) was said (when I asked where it was) to be in the east, and the 'road of the rains' in the west, where there are great downpours on the slopes of the Central Range; but it may be said very emphatically that there is no idea of a general Paradise or Elysium in the east, but only of various scattered *sovai-ta-na* or 'villages of the spirits', which are usually in fairly close proximity to the villages of the living. The contrast between sunshine and rain really points to the desired contrast between cheerfulness and gloom, not to that between east and west.

The spear and the handful of ornaments are presented—only in form—to the dead, and he is adjured to present them in turn to the other *sovai* whom he is to meet. He is told to announce his name to them, and the name of his father, to call upon them 'to make way for him, to blow the trumpet, beat the drums, and prepare a feast', and he will hand them these as, it would appear, conciliatory gifts.

When this address is concluded the body is lowered into the grave. The women who are still clinging about it must first be dragged or thrown aside, and this is done by one or two young men with a roughness which is not inexcusable. The grave is only partly filled, and the earth stamped down. In the shallow depression which remains the mourners throw themselves down—as many as can find a place—and veritably wallow in their grief. They almost jostle for position, so much so that I have seen a bereaved husband compelled to push and shoulder his way through a throng of mourners to secure a place at the grave of his wife.

Mourning Seclusion

It is customary among all the tribes for a widow to go into seclusion for some time after her husband's death. In certain tribes the widower is also secluded under similar circumstances, but as this latter custom is not universal I shall in the following section deal solely with the seclusion of the widow.

When the excitement—for such it is—of the funeral has died away, the widow (*doru*) of the deceased is left, perhaps

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765 with one or two other women, at his grave. Formerly the
[764] grave was under the house of the deceased; now by Govern-
ment regulation it is in the bush at some distance from the
village. It is natural that the natives should do their best to
evade this regulation, because the custom of burial under
the house is no doubt based on sentiment. Informants
765 repeatedly state that they dislike burying their dead at a
152 distance because they are sad or 'belly-sore'. I have also
heard that they dislike the thought of a grave neglected and
overgrown; but the principal idea is, as informants have
stated it to be, that the living cannot bear the parting with
the dead. They cling as long as they can even to his in-
animate presence. Sometimes in these days the dead are
actually buried in the village, though if the fact is discovered
or betrayed, the mourners are likely to work out their
sorrow in gaol. More commonly the difficulty is overcome
by a rather pathetic subterfuge. The grave is placed in the
bush not far from the village, and a small house is built over
it in which the widow secludes herself, just as in former
times she would have been secluded over her husband's
grave in her own house. When a Government patrol
draws near, the grave shelter is of course empty.

765 The widow's seclusion is a long one, and the greater part
of it she spends in her own house, i.e. that of her deceased
husband. It is not clear when she is transferred from the
grave shelter to the house, though it appears that this may be
made the occasion of a feast. (Regarding this feast I have
very little information, but it is of minor consequence at
any rate, and cannot, I think, be regarded as a regular
feature of the cycle of mortuary ceremonies.) While in the
shelter the widow sleeps actually in the grave, above the
corpse of her husband, which is covered only with a shallow
765 layer of earth. I am told that she will from time to time
775 burrow with her fingers in the earth, and whenever she dis-
covers some maggots (*kanyemi*) she will carry them off and
deposit them in one place in the bush nearby. Here they
accumulate and disappear, being supposedly transformed
into the *sowai* of the deceased. I do not know whether this
belief and practice (which I found among the Aiga) are of

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a man had shaved his hair in mourning for his brother, but left a series of concentric rings; but this, which had a distinctly decorative, and, as the circles were slightly askew, an almost jaunty effect, was, I imagine, quite unusual. Women, who in the excess of their grief hack at themselves with jagged quartz, often bear permanent raised scars on their breasts or shoulders.

Formerly it was the custom to cut down one or more of the coco-nut palms belonging to the deceased. This is now prohibited by the Government, but it appears that the rule was always adjustable to circumstances: if a man had many dependents and few coco-nuts it was not carried out. The felling of palms is only an example of the destruction of some part of the property of the deceased, which is attributed to the *jo*, or sorrow, of his survivors. Pots, for instance, or wooden dishes are dashed to the ground and broken. 'He ate from this dish,' they say, 'therefore we break it'; or 'he ate the fruit of this palm, therefore we cut it down'. I have never heard it suggested that the utensils or the palms were in any way unclean or dangerous. The reason for the destruction is always said to be *jo*. It may be another instance of the native's habit of punishing himself in sorrow, or simply a method of letting off steam: the pots may be smashed in a fury of grief, just as wine-glasses are sometimes smashed in ebullitions of a more joyous emotion.

However that may be, I think there is enough in the severity of the native's mourning observances—so much severer than our own—to argue the sincerity of his grief. I may refer lastly to the self-denying tabu of mourning. Such a self-inflicted abstinence is called *bajai*. The mourner may abstain from pig-flesh, taro, tobacco, or betel, &c., or dispense with such articles as a painted *bo* or a string bag. These are very serious deprivations to an Orokaiva. Once more the native is punishing himself in his sorrow. One finds a man, for instance, who voluntarily does without his *betava*, or string bag, that veritable *vade mecum* which is the receptacle for the lime gourd and many other indispensables. His *nabori*, he may tell you, used to help himself in a friendly way to the betel-nuts and lime pot in the *betava*;

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765 152 now that his *nabori* is dead he will make do without a *betava*, and carry his lime pot in his hand. Another, who used to dance in a pair with his brother, has forsworn dancing after his brother's death. Another, who used to act as a clown in the plays with his brother (while the latter lived), has given up this also.

Discarding the Signs of Mourning

765 We may now turn to the third stage in the mortuary cycle (*vide* p. 210). Such tabus or *bajai*, as have been described above, are not for ever, but come to an end with a formal ceremony called *tepurukari*, which means literally 'forsake', or 'abandon'. (Another word applied to it is *ate-ate*, which we saw in connexion with the somewhat similar rite described on pp. 192–3.) The mourner makes a payment to an immediate relative of the deceased, and is in return formally relieved of his tabu. He is, for instance, presented with a new *betava*, and may thenceforward use it; or he is presented with the conventional costume of a clown, and may thenceforward act his part. When the tabu is upon some particular food a peculiar rite (to which perhaps the term *ate-ate* applies more specifically) brings it to a formal conclusion. The subject holds his hands, palms downward and fingers interlocked, before his breast, while a little of the tabued food is placed upon them. This he throws backwards over his head, and the tabu is at an end.

The discarding of these *bajai* or tabus is properly made to coincide with the more notable ceremony of discarding the *baja*, which marks the third stage in the series of mortuary ceremonies. As, at the assumption of the *baja*, the feast was provided mainly by the husband's people, so on the occasion of discarding it the feast is provided mainly by the widow's people, who pay a pig to those of the husband, and make over to them the *baja* which the widow has been wearing.

Before the actual ceremony the widow, I am told, goes again to the grave of her husband, taps the ground with her foot, and cries out that she is soon to discard her mourning jacket. Later, when the pig has been slain at the feast, the woman takes off the *baja* and places it on the animal's body.

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627 by so doing had offended the boy's relatives, he immediately
431 sought to make amends. He left the village, but presently came striding back with a half-grown pig across his shoulders; holding the animal by the hind legs he swung it round and dashed its head against the butt of a coco-nut palm, and then flung it dead at the feet of the man he had offended. Not many moments after, I saw one of the latter's brothers enter the village with a fine dog on his shoulders and go through precisely the same performance, killing it against the same tree and offering it as a return present. The pay-back of the conciliatory gift is indeed almost the regular thing: there are numerous instances of quarrels and fights over such matters as theft or interference with garden boundaries, which have been settled eventually by an exchange of pigs, not only the offender but the victim also showing a genuine desire to resume friendly relations. It is
626 not to be supposed, of course, that the sympathetic sanction
●152 is infallible. The man who does wrong to another no doubt often 'gets away with it', remaining undetected and perhaps suffering few regrets; but there is no question that he is often exceedingly contrite. It would almost seem that the victim plays upon the feelings of the offender to secure this result, though it would not do invariably to attribute any such definite intention to a man who is deeply affected by a sense of wrong. But the Orokaiva can on occasion be very sorry for himself, and it would seem that he wants others to be sorry for him, and particularly the man who has wronged him. His attitude is not so much 'I'll make you sorry for what you have done' as 'I'll make you sorry for me'; and so he takes 'the revenge of being injured'. Accordingly we find a person under a sense of wrong going to extraordinary lengths of self-castigation, from merely fasting or running away from home for a while, to delivering himself up to an enemy tribe or hanging himself from a tree. I have seen a dozen water-melons hacked into fragments and strewn upon the track. Their owner, finding one of them stolen, had demolished the whole crop and carried them to the path where the thief, whose identity he did not know, would pass and realize what he had done. Similarly I have seen a young

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man return home at evening and find one of his spears taken from his verandah; when his inquiries failed to trace his spear he took an axe and razed his house to the ground before the eyes of the whole village. Such an attitude of mind has a definite name, *sisira*, and is indeed very often to be met with. Composed, I imagine, largely of anger and self-pity, it does not fail to excite a response in the impressionable heart of the man whose offence has caused it. He is affected with *meb*, that complex state of mind which, following the lead of pidgin English, I have elsewhere translated 'shame'. But whereas in the *meb* caused by public reprobation the predominant emotion is self-abasement, there is in the *meb* that results from a sense of having wronged a fellow man a definite admixture of pity. However, the culprit is very effectively 'put to shame', and very unpleasant he finds it.

The sympathetic sanction is therefore no more than the fear of injuring the feelings of any member of the sympathy-group; and I cannot but regard this as a fundamental motive. In fact there would appear to be a very definite *sentiment of friendliness* toward all members of the group, as on the other hand there is a definite *sentiment of enmity* toward all those who are outside its pale. I will not venture to debate the question of the instinctive bases of these two opposite sentiments, nor the question of whether they may not be instinctive reactions in themselves. But for the present discussion it seems that the sentiment of friendliness is fundamental, requiring no ulterior explanation, and that it is a natural guarantee of morality because it implies a desire not to hurt the feelings of those to whom it extends, i.e. it provides the sympathetic sanction.

The Moral Sense

Lastly there arises the question whether our native may be said to have a moral sense. Naturally he possesses no idea of morality in the abstract; he does not set up good conduct as an ideal, and is certainly free from any charge of priggishness. On the contrary, his good conduct is for the most part unreflective, a matter of routine; so that every

2: Williams E, G-5 (1923-1925) 1928
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a considerable time until its toxic properties are purged away, when it becomes a favourite food. I have never heard, however, of the young cycad fruit being used as a poison. The same is the case regarding the bark *Tangiri*, in which the presence of what I take to be Prussic acid is discernible by its smell. The only use of *Tangiri* within my knowledge is that of fumigating a man's head of hair. The bark is heated, and when it is emitting a cloud of pungent smoke is clamped upon the infested head of the patient.

Lastly, there is the *Pekamba*. This closely resembles the plant known in the Northern Division as *Punjaru*, remarkable for the gigantic flower which, when it passes maturity, breaks up in horrible and vile-smelling decomposition. It is not this decomposing substance, however, but the root of the related plant *Pekamba* (possibly also of *Punjaru* itself) which acts as a very strong corrosive poison. This again has been used in suicides, and further it provides one of the conventional means of self-castigation in time of great grief. A mourner on his way to a funeral will pluck up a *Pekamba* by the roots, and as he enters the wailing village will put his teeth into it and gnaw it until some less distracted or perhaps less theatrical mourner snatches it away. Should any be swallowed the result, I am assured, would be fatal. One old man of my acquaintance had chewed the *Pekamba* too freely in the forgetfulness of his grief and was in consequence ill and hardly able to eat for a period which he estimated at 'six weeks'.

There are no doubt other poisons of which I have no knowledge. But with those that have been mentioned it is possible that the plea advanced by the natives themselves regarding *Anisi* is equally applicable, i.e. they are not used because in fatal quantity they would be detected by the suspicious nostrils or palate of the victim. In fine, however, when we consider the countless variety of specifics which are supposed to possess deadly properties and which in known cases prove to be utterly

3: Reay E-4, 5 (1951) 1953 OJ23 Orokaiva OJ23

681 754 [648] died within a couple of months, these deaths were said to have been the result of sorcery. There was no strenuous effort to trace the sorcerer, because knowledge of his identity would bring the obligation to exercise fatal punishment, which would involve trouble with the Administration.

681 684 Retaliation by direct violence still takes place, although the Orokaiva are generally careful not to let it have a fatal result. If a woman is found to have committed adultery, her husband thrashes her. Traditionally, he has a right to take direct action against the co-respondent also, but nowadays he is more likely to tell his *nanamo* (friend), who calls the adulterer a series of uncomplimentary names in public and makes his position so intolerable that he will leave the village. The offender may go into the bush for a while, but generally he goes to some other village where he has a *nanamo* of his own who will give him shelter and hospitality.

If a woman suspects her husband of adultery, she accuses him loudly in public, and if the husband cannot satisfy her that her suspicions are ill-founded, she will gather her few belongings in a string bag and set out for her own village. This act of the woman, while she is in a mood of righteous anger, is regarded as retaliation. "Now," she cries as a parting shot, "you will have no one to cook for you!" Actually, it is not difficult for the man to find a friend's wife or some kinswoman to cook for him, but the routine of his life is upset.

681 Clearly, the sanction of retaliation is severely limited by the modern prohibition of killing, for it is necessarily somewhat abortive without the freedom to carry it through. Nowadays, the pattern is to leave the field rather than stay and fight it out. In domestic squabbles, either the guilty parties or the wronged ones who are unable to retaliate can leave the village until tempers have cooled. If arguments between segments of a village recur and seem to be developing into a feud, one section can break away to found a new village at a little distance from the first.

Retaliation is impossible when crimes are carried out surreptitiously so that the crime is discovered but the criminal is not known. There remains the sanction of self-injury, which makes the wrongdoer feel sorry for the wronged one and therefore ashamed of having caused him to suffer. F. E. Williams cites two cases of theft which illustrate the operation of this peculiarly oblique sanction. To make the thief realize the enormity of his offence, the owner of a stolen watermelon hacked the rest of his crop to pieces, and the owner of a stolen spear chopped down his house where he had left the spear. The injured man aggravates his own injury, so that [152] pity for him will induce shame in the culprit. This attitude on the part of the injured man is largely a blend of anger and self-pity. It is called *sisira*.[8]

152 681 This sanction demonstrates how the Orokaiva tends to take revenge upon the person who hurt his feelings by punishing himself. This is something of this self-punishing, too, in the wearing of the *keratu* (plant-emblem) as a symbol of abstention from food belonging to or prepared by someone who has wronged him.[9]

[8] F. E. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 333.
[9] *Idem*, p. 116.